

Complete Songbook from Binder 16,
which is labeled by Getz as Volume 4.

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All pages included, with table of Contents.

Sent to Getz by Marc Frith

C.W. "Bill" GETZ,

I READ YOUR APPEAL FOR SONGS IN A.F. MAGAZINE AND DECIDED TO SEND YOU A COPY OF OUR 92TF5 SONGBOOK WHICH MAY ADD TO YOUR "COLLECTION".

THE 92TF5 WAS THE FIRST A-10 SQUADRON IN USAF AND YOU MAY NOTICE SOME SONGS WITH A 'HOGDRIVER' FLAVOR. THIS BOOK WAS COMPILED BY CAPTAIN DEAN DODSON^(ENGINEER) AND PUBLISHED BY THEN LT. (NOW CAPT) MIKE ALEXANDER ('RAGBOY'). I HOPE YOU MAY FIND A FEW TUNES TO UPDATE YOUR STAG EDITION. MY NAME IS CAPTAIN MARC FRITH AND I'M ASSIGNED HERE AT NELLIS AFB, NV. CAPTAIN DODSON IS ALSO ASSIGNED HERE TOO! GOOD LUCK AND WE WOULD LIKE TO ACQUIRE A COPY OF YOUR VOLUME II WHEN PUBLISHED.

THANKS,

MARC FRITH
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P.S. IF YOU NEED THE LYRICAL THEME OF HOW THE SONGS FLOW WED BE GLAD TO SEND YOU A TAPE OF OUR NEXT 'SONGFEST' WHICH ALWAYS SEEMS TO HAPPEN A MOST FUNCTIONS.

FRITH



92ND TFS
(1ST A-10 Squadron in USAF)

Compiled by CAPT. DEAN "EAGER" DODSON
Published by CAPT. MIKE "RABBOY" ALEXANDER

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BOSOM BUDDIES

We stand beneath silent rafters,
The walls all around us are bare.
They echo back our laghter.
It seems like the dead all are there.

So stand to your glasses steady,
And ne'er let a tear fill your eye.
Here's to the dead already,
Hoorah! for the next man to die.

Chorus:

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky.
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.
Yes, we are the boys who they send up to die.
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

Up at headquarters they scream and they shout
About lots of things they know nothing about,
But we are the boys who they send up to die.
Bosom buddies while boozin' are we.

We climb in the purple twilight.
We loop in the silvery dawn.
Black smoke trails behind us,
To show where our comrades have gone.

Chorus

MY WARTHOG FLIES OVER THE OCEAN

My warthog flies over the ocean.
It takes the best part of a day.
It took us eight hours to Lajes,
And that's barely half of the way!

Chorus:

Warthog, Warthog, why is it so hard to make you go?
Warthog, Warthog, why are you so bloody slow?

We launched in the darkness from Myrtle.
We joined with the tankers at four.
They had to slow down to stay with us.
My God! You're a slow bloody whore!

Chorus

We finally made it to lajes,
Our jet lag had all gone away.
We arrived at the same time we'd started,
Except that it was the next day!

Chorus

I raced with a Cessna 150
Who thought his was slower than mine.
I looked down to see a bloke mini
Leave us in dust trails behind!

Chorus

O'LEARY'S BAR

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving.

O'Leary was closing the bar.

When he turned and he said to a lady in red,

"Get out. You can't stay where you are."

Well, she wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer,

As she thought of the cold night ahead,

When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper,

And these are the words that he said,

"Her mother never told her

The things a young girl should know

About the ways of Warthog pilots

And how they come and go (mostly come).

"Now age has taken her beauty

And sin has left its sad scar (what a gash).

"So remember your mother and sisters and brothers,

And let her sleep under the bar."

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

The balls of O'Leary are wrinkled and hairy.

They're shapely and stately, like the dome of St. Paul's.

The women all muster to see that great cluster.

Oh they stand and they stare at the great hairy pair of

O'Leary's Balls!

THE WARTHOG DRIVER

Beside the German Autobahn, the Warthog pilot lay,

His armored bathtub was all gone, his rudder shot away.

His A-10 burned by a nearby tree, but he was not

Yet quite dead,

So listen to the story, that the Warthog driver said.

He said, "I'm going to a better land

Where everything's all right,

Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles,

Play poker every night.

'And all there is to do all day

Is sit around and sing.

The crew chiefs are all women,

Oh Death, where is thy sting?

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)

Oh, Death, where is thy sting? (ding-a-ling)

The bells of hell may ring-a-ling-ling

For you but not for me . . .

Oh . . . ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass.

Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass, (and singin')

Ring-a-ding a-ding-ding, blow it out your ass.

'Better days are coming by and by, Bull...shit!

I'D RATHER FLY A WARTHOG

Chorus:

Oh, I'd rather fly my Warthog
On a twenty-five foot strafing run.
We'll get down in the grass
And kick Ivan's ass
With our 30 mike-mike gatling gun

Oh, don't make me an F-15 jock,
Those bastards sure know how to talk.
You can't press the attack when your engines roll back,
So don't make me an F-15 jock.

Don't give me a Foxtrot one six,
With a handle instead of a stick.
She'll get on your tail, but the engine will fail.
Don't give me a Foxtrot one six.

Don't give me an A-7D,
My computer's my manhood to me.
Without my black box I ain't much of a jock,
So don't give me an A-7D.

Don't give me a Foxtrot four-D,
With two people where one should be.
They train you at Luke and then give you a nuke.
Don't give me a Foxtrot four-D.

Don't give me an Aardvark to fly,
It's a guaranteed sure way to die.
Hands off on the deck and you'll break your damn neck.
Don't give me an Aardvark to fly.

Oh, Don't give me a Tango Three Eight.
It's small and it's sleek and that's great.
They'll put you in the pit with your hand on your dick.
Don't give me a Tango Three Eight.

Oh, don't fly my hog into a cloud,
Or you'll hear me crying out loud.
They don't pay me the wages to fly on the gauges.
Don't fly my hog into a cloud.

Don't give me an "F" one one one,
Cause an autopilot's no fun.
You sit side-by-side just along for the ride,
Don't give me an "F" one one one.

Don't give me an F-104.
That airplane's a ground loving whore.
She'll cough and she'll wheeze and head straight for
The trees,
So don't give me an F-104.

(Continued next page)

I'D RATHER FLY A WARTHOG (cont)

Oh, don't give me a Foxtrot Five "E"

An Aggressor I don't want to be,
It's tough to get laid when you're a big training aid,
Oh, don't give a Foxtrot Five "E"

An Alpha Jet's just not for me,
Though it's fast and it's damn hard to see.
No bombs and no gun, but it's sure lots of fun,
An Alpha Jet's just not for me.

Don't give me an old Phantom Two.
It's TAC's two-seat B-52.
Drop your bombs, go around, hope they all hit the ground.
Don't give me an old Phantom Two.

Oh, don't give me a Bongo Five Two
With eight engines, a bed, and a loo.
You fly with a crew telling you what to do.
Don't give me a Bongo Five Two

Don't give me a Foxtrot Fifteen,
Though everyone thinks that you're keen,
Twice as fast as a MIG and four times as big,
Don't give me a Foxtrot Fifteen.

Don't give me an F-16 jet.
That bastard ain't ops-ready yet.
You can't stay in the fight with the stick on the right,
So, don't give me an F-16 jet.

Don't give me a star to wear.

It's obvious they don't really care.
Their minds locked in a room, now our flying's been doomed.
Don't give me a star to wear.

Oh, don't give me an OH Five Eight,
Cause a scout is just Z-S-U bait.
You'll peek through the grass and he'll blow off your ass.
Don't give me an OH Five Eight.

In a Cobra out flying around,
You're sure to hit the damn ground.
You'll hose off a TOW and then down you will go,
In a Cobra out flying around.

(Add in your own favorite verses)

THROW A NICKEL ON THE GRASS

I was cruising down the Yalu doin' six and fifty per,
When I called to my flight leader,
"Oh, won't you save me sir?"
I've got flak holes in my wingtips...
My tanks ain't got no gas.
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY! I've got six MIGs on my ass!

Chorus:

Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Throw a nickel on the grass, save a fighter pilots ass.
Hallelujah, hallelujah!
Throw a nickel on the grass and you'll be saved!

They sent me up to Poon-Yang, the frag said no ack-ack,
But by the time I got there, my wings were mostly black,
Then the airframe gave a shudder, the wings refused to fly,
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY! I'm too young to die!

Chorus:

I split-essed to my bomb run, I got to goddam low,
I hit that bloody button, and I let them bastards go,
Then I sucked the stick back in my lap,
I hit a high-speed stall.
Now, I won't see my mother
When the work's all done this fall!

Chorus

Well, I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My airspeed read one-twenty, My God I wracked it tight.
Then the airframe gave a shudder, and the wings refused
To fly,
MAYDAY, MAYDAY, MAYDAY...I'm too young to die!

Chorus

I jumped out of that Sabre, my letdown looked just fine.
I hit the ground a-running, making for our line.
Then I opened up my ration kit, to see what was in it--
And the goddam quartermaster had filled it up with shit

Chorus

NELLIE DARLIN'

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe, Nellie darlin',
And the nipples on your tits are turning green.
There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel.
You're the ugliest fucking cunt I've ever seen!

There's the odor of dead fish around your pussy,
When you piss, you piss a stream that's green as grass.
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle,
So why not make one, dear, and shove it up your ass!

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE ARMY

Oh, I don't want to join the Army.

I don't want to go to war.

I'd rather hang around

Piccadilly Underground,

Living off the earning of an 'igh class lady.

I don't want a bullet up me arse-hole.

I don't want me buttocks shot away.

I'd rather stay in England,

Jolly, jolly England,

And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Navy.

I don't want to sail the seven seas.

I'd rather fly a jet,

Fuck a tall brunette,

And drink my fill of a good Scotch whiskey.

I don't want want seamen in me quarters.

I don't want me cock to rot away.

I'd rather be in England,

Jolly, jolly England,

And fornicate my bloody life away.

I don't want to join the Air Corps.

I don't want to slip the surly bonds.

I'd rather hang around

In a pub downtown,

Drinking ale from a half-yard tankard.

I don't want Ack-Ack up my tail pipe.

I don't want my rudder shot away.

I'd rather stay in England,

Jolly, jolly England,

And fornicate my bloody life away.

Monday I touched her on the ankle.

Tuesday I touched her on the knee.

Wednesday, with success,

I lifted up her dress.

And Thursday I touched on the thigh, Cor Blimey!

Friday I had me hand upon it,

And Saturday I gave her tits a tweak. (tweak, tweak)

But it was Sunday after supper

I rammed the old boy up 'er,

And now I'm paying seven and six a week!

So, call out the Army and the Navy.

Call out the Air Corps rank and file.

You can call out

The Royal Territorials.

They face danger with a smile.

You can call out the boys of the old brigade.

They kept old England free.

You can call out me mother,

Me sister and me brother,

But for God's sake don't call me!

THE FAC SONG

Dear Mom, your son is dead.
He bought the farm today.
He crashed his OV-10 on Ho Chi Minh Highway.
He had a rocket pass,
Then he busted his ass.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He went across the fence
To see what he could see,
And there it was as big as it could be.
There was a truck on the road
With a heavy load.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

He got right on the horn
And gave Ol' Big a call,
"Send me air. I've got a truck that's stalled."
Ol' Big said, "All right.
"We'll send you Litter Flight.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

The fighters checked right in,
Gunfighters, two-by-two,
Out of gas, and tankers overdue.
They asked the FAC to mark
Where the truck was parked.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

The FAC, he rolled right in
With his smoke to mark
Exactly where that truck was parked.
The rest is still in doubt,
Because he never pulled out.
Mmm, mmm, mmm.

LAST NIGHT I STAYED UP

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate.
It was so nice! I did it twice.
Last night I stayed up late to pull my pud.
It felt so good! I knew it would.

You should see me working on the short strokes;
I use my hand. It's simply grand.
You should see me working on the long strokes;
I use my feet. It's really neat.

Smash it! Bash it!
Beat it on the floor.
Smite it! Bite it!
Ram it through the door.

I have some friends who seem to think
That a fuck is simply grand,
But for all around enjoyment
I prefer it in the hand.

SAMMY SMALL

Oh, my name is Sammy Small. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball,
But that's better than none at all,
So, fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I shot a man. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot a man. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I shot him dead, with a piece of
Fucking lead.
Now the silly fucker's dead,
So fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I'm gonna swing. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I'm gonna swing, from a piece of
Fucking string.
What silly fucking thing.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the parson, he will come. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson, he will come. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the parson, he will come
With his tales of Kingdom Come.
He can shove it up his bum.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the Sheriff will be there too. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Sheriff will be there too
With his silly fucking crew.
They've got fuck-all else to do.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, they say I greased the rope. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, they say I greased the rope
With a piece of fucking soap.
What a silly fucking joke.
Fuck 'em all!

Oh, the Hangman wears a mask. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Hangman wears a mask. . .Fuck 'em all.
Oh, the Hangman wears a mask
For his silly fucking task.
He can shove it up his ass.
Fuck 'em all!

(with reverence)

I saw Molly in the Crowd. . .Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the Crowd. . .Fuck 'em all.
I saw Molly in the Crowd,
And I felt so fucking proud,
That I shouted right out loud,
"FUCK 'EM ALL!"

TIE MY ROOT AROUND A TREE

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny.,
She said, "Boy, you can't have any."

Chorus:
Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree.
Come and tie my root around a tree.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel.
She said, "For that you don't even get a tickle."

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter.
She said, "Young man, I'm a preacher's daughter."

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half.
She said, "Young man, you make me laugh."

Reached in my pocked, pulled out six bits.
All she did was wiggle her tits.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck.
She said, "Young man, you've bought a fuck."

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink.
Oh, my God, how her pussy did stink!

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lyin'.
If i'd had wings, I'd a fucked her flyin'.

I awoke in the morning and guess what I saw:
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball.

I went to the doctor, 'cause my pecker was sore.
"My God," said the doctor, "you've been taken by a whore!"

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man.
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can.

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since,
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence.

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

Chorus: A rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.
Rum-titty, rum-titty, rum-titty, rum.

An engineer told me before he died--
I have no reason to think he lied--
He had a wife with a twat so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he fashioned out a big fucking wheel,
Attached it to a big prick of steel,
Made two balls and filled them with cream,
And the whole fucking thing was run by steam.

Round and round went the big fucking wheel,
In and out went the big prick of steel.
'Til at last the maiden cried,
"Enough, enough! I'm satisfied!"

But here is a case of the bitter bit:
There was no way of stopping it.
The maiden was torn from twat to tit,
And the whole fucking thing went up in shit.

And now we come to the part that's grim.
It jumped off her and jumped on him!

AI, YI, YI, YI

Chorus;

Ai, Yi, Yi, Yi, Fighter Pilots eat pussy. .

So let's hear another verse

That's worse than the other verse,

And waltz me around by my willie!

There once was a man from Boston

Who drove a little red Austin.

There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas,

But his balls hung out, and he lost 'em!

There once was a man from Kent

Whose dick was so long that it bent.

To save himself trouble, he stuck it in double,

And instead of coming, he went!

There once was a man from Nantucket

Whose dick was so long he could suck it.

He said, with a grin, as he wiped off his chin,

"If my ear was a cunt, I could fuck it!"

There once was a girl named Alice,

Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.

They found her vagina in North Carolina,

And bits of her tits down in Dallas!

There once was a man from Orleans

Who played the jack-off machines.

On the ninety-ninth stroke, the goddam thing broke,

And beat his balls to cream!

There was an old hermit named Dave

Who kept a dead whore in his cave.

She was minus one tit, and smelled quit a bit,

But think of the money he saved!

There once was a girl from Llewellyn

Who everyone there knew as Helen,

Who, while trying to please, spread a social disease,

From New York to the Straights of Magellan!

There once was a man from Glass

Whose balls were made out of brass.

When he rubbed them together, they played

"Stormy Weather",

And lightning shot out of his ass!

There once was a whore from the Azores,

Whose cunt had incredible siph. sores.

The dogs in the street used to eat the green meat

That hung in festoons from her drawers!

There once was a man from Vancouver

Who thought he knew every manouver,

Till a girl from Van Neyes gave him a rise

With the aid of a portable Hoover!

(Alternate Choruses:)

...Your mother, she swims after troopships.

....Your brother jacks-off in confession.

...Your sister does squat-thrusts on fireplugs.

....Your mother licks cum stains off bedsheets.

...Your cousin just butt-fucked my collie.

....Your brother eats batshit off cave walls.

...Your mother sucks farts from dead seagulls.

....Your sister blows goats for a quarter.

HIGHLAND BALL

Four and twenty virgins came down from Inverness,
And when the ball was over,
There were four and twenty less!

Chorus:

(singin') Balls to your partner, ass against the wall,
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

The village parson, he was there,
Dressed up in his shroud,
Swingin' from the chandelier,
And pissin' on the croud.

The parson's wife, she was there,
• Keepin' 'em all in fits,
Jumpin' off the mantlepiece
And bouncing off her tits.

The village prostitute, she was there,
A-sittin' on the floor,
And every time she spread her legs
The suction closed the door.

The bride was in the kitchen
Explainin' to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum,
Is the entrance to the womb.

The groom was in the bedroom

Explainin' to the bride

That the penis, not the scrotum,
Is the part that goes inside.

The village cripple, he was there,
But he could not do much,
He lined them up against the wall
And fucked them with his crutch.

The village idiot, he was there,
And in the corner he sat,
Amusin' himself and abusin' himself,
And catchin' it in his hat.

Little Johnny, he was there,
Actin' quite the fool,
Pullin' his foreskin over his head
And whistlin' through his tool.

There was friggin' in the hallway
And friggin' on the stairs.
You could'nt see the carpet
For the mass of curly hairs.

The village cobbler, he was there,
With his hammer and his awls,
Amazing all the ladies with
The great size of his balls.

(Continued next page)

Highland Ball (continued)

There was friggin' in the hayloft,
Friggin' in the ricks.
You couldn't hear the music for
The swishin' of the pricks.

(Mandatory last verse!)

And when the ball was over,
All that you could see. . .
Was four and twenty maidenheads
Hanging from a tree!

Chorus;

Balls to your partner,
Ass against the wall.
If you've never been laid on a Saturday night,
You've never been laid at all.

INTERLUDE

. . . And your mother fucks the milkman. . . twice a week
. . . With . . . out . . . her . . . pants on!

And there was grandpa
Swingin' from the outhouse door.
And there was grandma,
She was screamin' more, more, more!

ADELINE SCHMIDT

There once was a lady named Adeline Schmidt
Who went to the doctor, 'cause she couldn't shit.
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass,
Then up went the window and out went her ass!

Chorus;

It was brown, brown, shit all around.
It was brown, brown, shit fal-ling down.
It was brown, brown, shit all around.
The whole world was covered in shit, Shit, SHIT, SHIT!

A handsome young copper was walking his beat.
He happened to be on that side of the street.
He looked up so bashful, he looked up so shy,
And a big piece of shit hit him right in the eye!

(Chorus)

That handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore.
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore.
And on London Bridge you can still see him sit
With a sign 'round his neck, saying "Blinded by Shit!"

(Chorus)

LUPE

Down in cunt valley where red rivers flow,
Where cock-suckers flourish and dick lickers grow,
'Twas there I met Lupe, the girl I adore.
She's my hot-fuckin', cock-suckin', Mexican whore.

She had her first sex at the young age of eight
While swinging and playing on the old garden gate.
The cross-pirce went out and the upright went in,
And ever since then she's been living in sin.

Chorus;

She'll roll you. She'll blow you.

She'll gnaw on your nuts.

And if you're not careful,

She'll suck out your guts.

She'll wrap her legs 'round you

And you'll think you'll die

I'd rather eat Lupe

Than blueberry pie!

Last time I saw Lupe was early last fall,
When she was the queen of the cock-suckers ball.
She fucked the first hundred and sucked off the rest,
And everyone there thought that Lupe was best!

(Chorus)

Now Lupe, poor Lupe, lies dead in her tomb.
The worms crawl around in her decomposed womb,
But a smile on her lips is a mute plea for more.....
She's my hot-fucking, cock-sucking, Mexican whore.

She'll roll you. She'll blow you.

She'll gnaw on your nuts,

And if you're not careful,

She'll suck out your guts.

She'll wrap her legs 'round you

Till you scream for more!

She's my hot-fucking, cock-sucking

Mexican whore!

MARY ANN BURNS

Ooooooh, Mary Ann Burns

Was the queen of the acrobats.

She could do tricks

That could give a man the shits!

She could shoot green peas

Out her fundamental orifice,

Do a double back flip

And catch 'em on her tits!

She's a great big son-of-a-bitch,

Twice as big as me!

Got hair on her ass

Like branches on a tree.

She can swim-fish-fight-fuck,

Fly a fighter, drive a truck.....

Mary Ann Burns is the girl for.....me.

BARNACLE BILL

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

"Who's that knocking at my door?"

Asked the fair young maiden.

"Open the door, you dirty old whore",

Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

"Open the door, you dirty old whore",

Said Barnacle Bill, the sailor.

(Continue with the same type of repetition.)

"Would you care to have some tea?"

"To Hell with the brew, and on with the screw!"

"Would you care to have a dance?"

"To Hell with the dance, and off with your pants!"

"What's that hanging 'tween your legs?"

"That's the pole I'll stick in your hole!"

"What's this running down my leg?"

"That's the shot that missed the spot!"

"What if I should go to jail?"

"We'll pick the lock with my salty old cock!"

"What if Ma and Pa should see?"

"We'll shoot your Pa and fuck your Ma!"

"What if I should have a child?"

"We'll dig a ditch and bury the bitch!"

"When will I see you again?"

"Never more you dirty old whore!"

THE SHITHOUSE

Please don't burn the shithouse down,

Mother's agreed to pay.

Father's been gone for many a year,

And sister's in a family way.

Brother dear is mighty queer.

Times are fucking hard.

So, please don't burn the shithouse down....

Or we'll all have shit in the yard.

THE LITTLE BIRD

There was a little bird.... no bigger than a turd,

A-sittin' on a telegraph pole.

He ruffled up his neck, then he shat about a peck,

The puckered up his little asshole.

Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole!

He puckered up his little ass hole.

THE FIREMAN

My father is a fireman....He puts out fires.
My brother is a fireman....He puts out fires.
My sister Sal is a fireman's gal....She puts out..too!

I LOVE MY WIFE

I love my wife. Yes, I do. Yes, I do.

I love her truly.

I love the hole....that she pisses through.

I love her ruby red lips and her lily white tits
And the hair around her asshole.

I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, gobble, chomp,
With a rusty spoon. (With a rusty spoon.)

USAFE CHEER

USAFE once! USAFE twice!

Holy jumpin' Jesus Christ!

Wham! Bam! God Damn!

USAFE! USAFE!

Awww, shit.